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CORALLY AND NELSON:
OR,
THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

At one of those schools of morality, where the English youth resort to study the duties of a man in general, and of a citizen in particular, to enlighten the understanding and elevate the soul, Nelson and Blandford were distinguished by a friendship which would have done honour to the most early ages. As it was founded upon a perfect harmony of sentiments and principles, time served only to strengthen it, and being enlightened more and more every day, it became every day more intimate. But this friendship was put to a test which it was very difficult to support.

When their studies were finished, each of them entered on that line of life, to which he was inclined by nature.—Blandford, active, robust, and courageous, chose the profession of arms and the sea service. Voyages were his school. Hardened by fatigues, instructed by dangers, he arrived by degrees to the command of a vessel.

Nelson, endowed with a masculine eloquence, and an acute and sound judg-

ment, was one of those deputies which compose the great senate of the nation; and in a short time appeared there in a conspicuous light.

Thus each of them served his country, happy in the good he could procure it. Whilst Blandford sustained the shock of war and the elements, Nelson resisted the tide of court favour and ambition. Exemplary for an heroic zeal, they might have been thought to rival each other in virtue and glory, or rather that the same spirit animated them both, at the two extremities of the globe.

"Be courageous," said Nelson, in one of his letters to Blandford, "shew your respect for friendship by serving your country. Live for the former, if it be possible, and die for the latter, if it be necessary; a death worthy of its tears is by far preferable to the longest life." "Be not intimidated," said Blandford, in a letter he wrote to Nelson, "defend the rights of the people and of liberty; a smile from one's country is more valuable than the favour of kings."

Blandford grew rich by discharging his duty; he returned to London with the prizes he had taken in the Indian seas. But the most precious part of all his treasures, was a young Indian lady,

of a beauty which would have extorted admiration in every climate. A Bramin, whom God had blest with this single daughter, in reward for his virtue, had consigned her to the care of the generous Englishman, with his dying breath.

Corally was not quite fifteen, her father was passionately fond of her, and made her the object of all his attentions. The town in which he dwelt, was taken and pillaged by the English. Solinzeb, the Bremin, appeared at the threshold of his house.—“Stop,” said he to the soldiers, who had pierced as far as his humble asylum, “stop whoever you are! the God of nature, the benevolent deity is the object of both our prayers and worship; respect him in me who am his minister.”

These words, the tone of his voice, his venerable appearance, all conspired to secure him respect; but the fatal arrow was on the wing, and the Bramin fell mortally wounded, into the arms of his trembling daughter.

At that instant Blandford arrived. He endeavoured to check the fury of the soldiers. He cried out, he forced a passage, he saw the Bramin leaning on a young woman, who could scarcely support him without tottering, and bathed the old man with her tears. At the sight, nature, beauty, and love, exercised all their powers on Blandford's heart. He easily recognized in Solinzeb, the father of her who was embracing him with such poignant anguish. “Barbarians,” said he to the soldiers, “begone! Is it weakness and innocence, old men and children, that you want to attack?—Venerable old man,” said he to the Bramin, “live, live! and let me make some compensation for the outrage committed by these savages.”

On saying thus, he took him in his arms, laid him on a sopha, examined the wound, and procured every assistance

which art could furnish. Corally, an ocular witness of the piety of the sensibility of the stranger, thought him some deity descended from heaven for the succour and comfort of her father.

Blandford, who never quitted Solinzeb, endeavoured to assuage the grief of his daughter, but she seemed to have some presentiment of her misfortune, and spent days and nights in tears.

The Bramin perceiving that his end was approaching; I wish said he to Blandford, “I could go and die on the banks of the Ganges, and purify myself in its waters!” Father,” said the young Englishman, “that would be a consolation easy to procure you, was your case desperate without it. But what necessity is there to increase the danger you are in by so painful a journey? The distance from hence to the Ganges is so great, and besides (I hope you will not be offended at my sincerity) it is the purity of the heart, which the God of nature requires; and if you have observed the law engraven in the bottom of our souls, if you have done to others all the good in your power, if you have avoided to hurt or to injure them, the God, who loves them, will love you too,”

“ You afford me great consolation,” said the Bramin: “ But how comes it, that you who reduce the duty of mankind to unadulterated piety and purity of manners, could be at the head of those robbers, who ravage India, and bathe themselves in blood?”

“ You have seen,” said Blandford “ whether I authorize their ravages.—Commerce brings us into India, and if men were honest, that mutual exchange of commodities would be just and pacific. The violence of your masters has put swords into our hands, and the transition from defence to attack is so sudden, so easy, that on the first success, the

first trifling advantage, the oppressed becomes the oppressor. War is a violent state, which is not easily to be rendered agreeable ; alas, when a man acts against his nature, how can you expect to find him just ? Here it is my duty to protect the commerce of the English, and to support the honour and respect of my country. Indischarging this duty, I spare as much as I can, the blood and tears which are shed in war ; happy should I be, if the death of a good man, the death of Corally's father, was one of the crimes and misfortunes I could prevent the world from being guilty of !"—Thus spake the virtuous Blandsford, after which he embraced the old man.

"Thou persuadest me," replied Solinzeb, "that virtue is the same every where. But thou dost not believe in the God Vistnou and his nine metamorphoses ; how can a good man refuse his belief to these points?" "Hear me, father," said the Englishman, "there are millions of men on earth, which have never heard the name of Vistnou, nor his actions, though the sun rises upon them every day, and they respire a pure air, and drink the salutary streams, and for whom the earth lavishes its fruits every season. Can you believe it?—There are among these people, as well as among the children of Brahma, virtuous hearts and just men : equity and candour, rectitude, benevolence, and piety do really reside among them, and even among the bad. My good father, the dreams of the imagination differ in proportion to the climates, but sentiment is the same all over the universe, and the light, of which it is the source, is diffused as far as that of the sun."

"This stranger both instructs, improves, and astonishes me," said Solinzeb to himself : "every thing that my heart, my reason, and the interior voice of nature bids me believe, he be-

lieves likewise : and that part of my religion which he renounces, is only what I can scarce help thinking absurd."—"Do you think then," said he to Blandsford, "that a good man can die in peace?" "Certainly—" "I think so too ; and I wait for death as a refreshing slumber. But after I am gone, what will become of my child ? I see nothing in my country but servitude and desolation.—My daughter has no friend besides me in the world, and in a few moments I shall be no more!" "Ah," sighed the young Englishman, "if it be her misfortune to have death rob her of her father, honour me so far as to trust her to my care. I call heaven to witness, that her modesty, her innocence and liberty, shall be a deposit guarded by honour and always inviolable." "And in what principles shall she be educated?" "In yours if you please ; in my own if you consent to it ; but always in modesty and honour, which constitute the glory of the sex every where."

"Young man," replied the Bramin, with a solemn awful accent, "God has heard what thou hast said ; and the old man whom thou art speaking to, may be with him, within an hour." "You have no need," said he, "to remind me of the sacredness of my promises. I am but a weak mortal ; but nothing under heaven is more immutable than my honour." He pronounced these words with so much firmness, that the Bramin was much affected. "Come, Corally," said he to his daughter, "come and embrace thy dying parent, come and embrace thy new father ; may he be thy guardian and protector when I am gone. There, my child," added he, "is the book of the law of thy ancestors, the *Veidam* ; after thou hast studied it thoroughly thou wilt suffer thyself to be instructed in the creed of this virtuous stranger, and thou wilt chuse that of the two re-

ligions, which shall appear to thee, most capable of making people good."

The Bramin expired the ensuing night. His daughter filled the air with her lamentations, and would not move from the livid and icy corps, which she bathed with her tears. At last her grief exhausted her strength, and they took the advantage of her swoon to remove her from the gloomy scene.

Blandford called by duty from Asia to Europe, carried his guard along with him: and though he was young, and deeply smitten with her charms, he had a reverential regard for her innocence. During their voyage, he employed himself in giving her some knowledge of English, in giving her some idea of European manners, and in disengaging her docile mind from the prejudices of her country.

On his landing, Nelson went to meet his friend on his return. Their meeting was attended with mutual joy. But, at first, the sight of Corally surprised Nelson, and made him uneasy. "What hast thou to do with that young girl?" said he to Blandford in an austere manner. "Is she a captive, a slave? hast thou robbed her parents of her? hast thou extorted a groan from nature?"

Blandford related to him what had happened; he gave him such a pathetic description of the innocence, the candour and the sensibility of the Indian, that it affected him greatly. "My design is," continued Blandford, "to have her taught our manners, under the eyes of my mother; I shall form her simple and docile heart; and if she can be happy with me I will marry her.—I am perfectly satisfied to find my friend again."

You may have read a description of the surprises and different emotions of a stranger to whom every thing is new: Corally experienced all these emotions: but a happy facility of apprehending and

comprehending every thing, anticipated the pains that were taken in her education. Understanding, great talents, and the graces, were innate in her; there needed only the trouble of developing them by an easy culture. She was on the verge of sixteen, and Blandford was going to marry her when death robbed him of his mother. Corally mourned for her as much as if she had been her own, and the pains she took to console Blandford affected him deeply. But during the mourning, which retarded their nuptials, he received orders to embark for some new expedition. He went to see Nelson, but not to make him a confidant of his sorrow in leaving the young Indian; Nelson would have made him blush if he had; but of his concern on leaving her alone in a strange country. "If my mother were living, she would have taken care of her; but misfortune which, seems to persecute this orphan, has deprived her of her only support."—"Hast thou then forgot that I have a sister, and that my house is your's?"

"Ah Nelson," replied Blandford, fixing his eyes upon him, "if you knew the value of the deposit, that I were to trust you with!"

At these words Nelson smiled disdainfully, "This concern," said he, "is a very great compliment to us both!—thou canst not trust me with a woman!" Blandford was amazed, confused, and blushed.—"Pardon me my weakness, it has made me suspect a danger, where thy virtue can find none. I have judged of thy heart by my own, and my apprehension makes me look little in my own eyes. Let us wave the subject. I shall go perfectly easy, in leaving the deposit of love in the care of friendship. But my dear Nelson, if I should die, can I request thee to take my place?" "Yes, that of a father, I promise you I will

but ask no more." "That is enough ; nothing now retards my intended voyage."

The *adieu* of Corally and Blandford were mingled with tears ; but the tears of Corally were not those of love. A lively gratitude, a respectful friendship were the tenderest sentiments that Blandford had inspired her with. Her susceptibility was yet unknown to her ; the dangerous developement was reserved for Nelson.—*To be continued.*

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO CŒLEBS.

WITH surprise Emma perceived some few weeks since another letter from one, whom she supposed had long ere then forgotten the thoughtless girl, who for a while corresponded with him, through the medium of the Museum. Since then frequently has she taken up her pen to explain to him the cause of her silence, and the reason of her commencing the correspondence ; but a resolution to wait until accident might introduce them to each other, when her motives could be more fully explained, and her justification rendered more easy, has frequently induced her to throw it aside.—The Guardian Sylph of Cœlebs however, having furnished another reason for her silence than the one which really existed, compels Emma again to resume her pen, to vindicate herself and to return her thanks to the person who has bestowed upon her so many flattering encomiums.

There are many moments in our lives, during which languor so powerfully oppresses us, that the accustomed resources of pleasure, seem to have lost their usual power. In vain we open the historic volume from which so oft we have derived amusement blended with instruction; our eyes roam indeed o'er its pages, but our minds refuse to lend their

attention, and that which so often has been our delight becomes now our toil. To Poetry we fly ; her harmonious accents no longer delight the ear ; her soul breathing inspirations do not affect our hearts.

The sublimity of Milton, the feeling of Cowper, and the pathos of Young, fail alike to interest us. We take up the works of fancy and of fiction. They also have lost their charm. We feel that the virtues they represent, are imaginary ; we would bestow our sympathy on the suffering hero or heroine, but we feel that we sympathize in woes that are not. To society we flee, but the gay group around us, appear trifling and insipid ; the grave, listless and stupid.

"Twas at such a time as this, that I sought in my pen that relief for the ennui of my feelings, which neither reading nor company could afford me. 'Twas at such a time I dictated the first letter of this correspondence, thoughtless of the consequences which might ensue. As soon however as it was despatched, reason whispered to Emma the folly, modesty suggested to her the impropriety, and candor loudly proclaimed to her the deception of it. She solaced herself however with the hope that it would pass unnoticed. Her hope was delusive. It was answered by one whose letters bore such ample testimony of the talents of the author, that what she before considered folly to commence, she now considered presumption to continue. Cœlebs urged it ; again she addressed him, and thus was she almost unconsciously led from one letter to another until the discovery of the real name of her correspondent, filled her with apprehensions least the veil of concealment which enshrouded her, might by a similar accident be drawn aside.

Although Emma is personally a stranger to Cœlebs, she is intimately acquainted

ed with his talents and his virtues ; and these render her doubly anxious to continue unknown to him ; for she fears the loss of his good opinion would be the forfeit of her folly, and his pity, the reward of her apparent vanity.

Believe that your wishes for the happiness of Emma are sincerely reciprocated by her. If any unforeseen event should ever betray her to your knowledge, she intreats that you will attribute her conduct to the real motives which influenced it, and that you will not withhold from her your esteem and your friendship, which she will ever highly prize.

EMMA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LOVE.

LOVE ! what effect this word will have upon the attention of the fair ! how swift will their eye glance over the page ! and how they will wonder what *new* ideas can be elicited on so *old* a theme ! a theme which has employed the time, talents and imagination of as many votaries in every age, as have been under its influences, and they are not a few to my certain knowledge—to which knowledge I add my belief, that the kingdom of Cupid contains more *souls* than any other on the globe, and I hope one day will present us a census, together with the *ages, hopes and expectations* of each individual subject, male and female—after which, I doubt not but some means will be devised to unite the two kingdoms of Hymen and Cupid (which have ever been at variance) and to seat the two heroes together, like the two kings of Brentford.

Ovid reduced love to a science, gave us precepts and examples without number, taught us to conceive the passion—which might have been omitted, as we are naturally inclined to conception in

this particular, but whether Shakespeare was right in calling it a blessing or not I am unable to judge—he taught us how to obtain the objects of our passion—then to break their hearts by slighting them—be sorry for the fault—make reparation by lavishing endearments and be better friends than ever. He also prescribed a remedy which, however, is but little attended to; for we like the disease too well to be cured.—To crown his folly and hand his name down for posterity to imprecate, at least the male part—he taught the fair to ensnare us—taught them coquetry—armed them with artificial weapons—gave instructions how they are to be used, as if their natural powers were insufficient—This last book of his art, has completely made the whole work useless; for both sexes being armed alike --by the same master—understand each other perfectly well; consequently they can bring none of his instructions to bear in the practice with any probable chance of success -- their mutual understanding must cause a mutual laugh and end in a mutual separation, like the hero and heroine of the drama, when the scene is finished and the curtain drops. This was a strange oversight in so accomplished and penetrating a master of the Academy of Cupid—he might as well have written a dialogue *at once* and adapted the parts to the two lovers—made them commence with “fear and trembling”—continue with increasing confidence—come to mutual confessions and end in a reciprocal agreement to wed without delay—This would be very compendious certainly, but it would be attended with a trifling difficulty—that of making them recite their parts.

Love is the same now as ever—the same passion---equally ardent and attended with as many inconveniences---though perhaps, not of the same nature

as in days of yore---it is more under the control of reason---every year reason progresses in its ascendancy over love, and at some future period we shall see it a perfect slave, obeying reason in every particular. To prove my position I shall take the liberty of quoting what authority I please, whether ancient or modern, whether fabulous or not.

Petrarch was an example, and a true one, of the triumph of *love over reason*. He loved his Laura with a passion as pure and delicate as it was unconquerable; her situation precluded all hopes of his ever possessing her; for she was a wife ere he first beheld her, and the knowledge of this, by destroying hope engendered despair.

From the gay and thoughtless circles of fashion, of which he was the brightest ornament, he turned with disgust---a dislike which would have been justifiable had other motives actuated him. He sought the celebrated solitude of Vaucluse, and there wasted the best part of his valuable life in unavailing complaint. Apart from the world, free from the intrusions of all but corroding thought,—despair his only companion, and his only employment that of dictating sonnets to his mistress---the Idol of his heart—with an occasional association with other beings as miserable as himself, whose lives formed his library, he pined away his existence---he rejected grandeur, riches, and all the favours of the Papal court: the entreaties of friends were of no avail---his own reason refused to guide him---and he yielded himself up to the sole guidance of his distracting passion---The most dreary, comfortless and dangerous heights on the neighbouring mountains, were the places of his constant resort; there would he give vent to his grief---and there, perhaps, amid the umbrage-

ous gloom of the forest, he dictated some of the most pathetic as well as the most elegant compositions of human genius---Love glided through every line---every line was pregnant with feeling---Posterity has read with astonishment and enthusiastic admiration, the inspirations of the dejected muse of Petrarch. Time in some degree restored him to himself, for he afterwards appeared again in the city of Avignon,—again frequented the scenes of dissipation; but his passion was never eradicated from his heart, till death deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments---of Petrarch, the consummate statesman, the conscientious divine, the accomplished gentleman, the ingenious poet, the ardent lover, and the practical friend of the whole human family: such was Petrarch, and such have been the effects of love---Modern times will rarely shew us an instance of an unextinguishable passion; though I cannot be induced to think but that the human heart is as susceptible of tender impressions now as it ever was---but more open to reason and ridicule, both of which are, at the present day, waging continual war against unreturned love.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DEAD INFANT;

OR, THE

AGONIZING MOTHER.

"She snatch'd the hope of youth, the pride of age

"From the dark cerements of the shrouding sheet!"

—“SPEAK, Menander, let thy mother once more hear the voice that was her last comfort”—She begged in vain, for Menander had closed his eyes in death, and with him had fled the only happiness that his widowed mother possessed. She had but a little while since bade farewell to another child,

who had gone to that bourne from whence there is no return. And now must she lose the other—the thought was too much,—No one should part her from him.—“I will still keep him,” said she, in the height of maniac rage, “if he will not speak to me I shall still behold him—I will still have my child.”

A friend who willingly would have been the means of allaying her extreme sorrow, had taken the liberty, while the mother slept, of arraying the corpse in the dress suitable for interment, and removed it to the appointed place. The mother awoke—missed her child, and hastened to the church yard.—It was not yet deposited in the earth.—In agony she tore the lid from the coffin—pressed him to her heart, and returned home.—She kissed him—kept him continually encircled in her arms—nor would she again be parted from him.

She offered part of the necessaries that were set before her to the insensate clay, nor did she eat because her son could not.—But nature could not bear up against this torrent of grief.—She once more pressed him with redoubled force to her breast, again kissed his putrid cheek—and slept her final sleep.

THE NEGRO.

From an English Publication.

“ALAS ! I am very faint and very feeble,” said a voice which misery seemed to have rendered almost inarticulate. They were the words of a poor negro, who, oppressed by the heat of the sun, (for the day was very hot and sultry) in a languid posture was enjoying a short respite from his labours. “Curse on European avarice that deals in cargoes of wretchedness, and thrives by the traffic of despair!” I exclaimed the very moment my imagination

caught the picture. “Perhaps,” said I, “this child of sorrow has been torn from a father,—a mother.” Nature must have pleaded very loudly against his captivity; for I thought I could perceive the tears of affection standing in his eyes. “Or perhaps he has loved—one who returned his vows with an equal passion, and for whom his heart beat high with rapture. Perhaps he has looked forward, with eager expectation to the days he seemed destined to pass with the companion of his youth; and now”—I thought on the Eliza, the partner of my life, and I endeavoured to divert my thoughts from the gloomy road they were pursuing;—but in vain. My captive spoke still louder.

“I once was happy,” said he, “When I lived beyond these great waters, I heard not the yells of despair; the gale rung not with shrieks of the wretched. Our hut was in a cool valley, beneath the shade of the lofty palm trees. My labours then were sweet; for I feared neither stripes nor master. My work in the fields provided my father with food, and he repaid with smiles the toil of his sons. All was joy, all was pleasure. Strong and cheerful, I hailed the breezes of the morning; at noon I bathed in the stream, and in the evening joined the happy dance in the meadow. But now—

“I loved, alas! the beauteous Yoncha. She was the theme of every song, the envy of surrounding virgins. For her love I fought and made two heroes bow at my feet. The maid of my heart trembled for my safety, and hailed my victory with the smiles of rapture. I brought her the clustered bananas. From my hand, she said, they were more luscious. For her I climbed the airy cocoa tree, and threw into her bay

the milky fruit. In the chase, she nerv'd my arm with strength and inspired my breast with courage. Then I smiled on danger: I heeded not death. I attacked the indignant foe in his den. Though his eyes glistened with anger I pierc'd him, and he bled for Yoncha. I carried home the spoils of the battle, and placed them in her bower. But now, alas! she bleeds for her lost warrior. She hears not his groans. He pines in slavery; he lingers for the stroke of death. Ah, me! the deep ocean divides us.—Methinks the breezes that play on the surface of the waters, might wast her a sigh, or a prayer. I have often asked them, but they seem not to regard me.

"We were dancing on the green in the evening, and we dreaded not the hour of danger. But the tall ship anchored in the stream, and treachery lurked for our captivity. In vain we wept. The whites heed not the sighs of the negro. They knew not the treasure I have left behind me. She may yet be safe!—I recall the scenes of pleasure I partook with her, and memory adds new horrors to despair. I have toiled till my hand is feeble. I must, therefore, expect more lashes. The white men are very powerful; for their gods are stronger than ours. They are not appeased by the sighs of the negro. Our labours are bitter; but they furnish a rich sweet for our masters."

And are thy sighs, wretched negro thus served up as a repast to our luxury? shall we not reject the drug thy sorrows have prepared?—Be assured, injured captive! your sighs have been wasted to a corner of the globe where humanity seldom cries in vain. She has pleaded the cause of millions, and will yours.

VARIETY.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

The following anecdotes of the dying moments of this amiable woman are given in the late accounts from Verona, of the 12th March "Her majesty desired to see, successively in private, all the persons of her household; she addressed, to each of them, words of kindness and consolation. She expressed some satisfaction, that the Archduchess Beatrice, her mother, was accidentally at a distance from a scene which would have too deeply affected her heart. "The road to the tomb," said the dying princess, "is that of truth—all illusions cease—these no more flatter—there is no more grandeur. It must be forgotten that I have been empress and queen. I wish that people may retain sentiments honorable to my memory." Her majesty desired to embrace the ladies who approached the nearest to her. The following were the last words that could be collected; "Happiness consists in a good conscience. I feel this soothing sentiment much more in death than upon the throne. Adieu! my friends, my children! Adieu!" She ceased to breathe."

A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws in France, approved, in contradiction to the archbishop of the number of executions for criminal offences. "I maintain," said he, "that such criminals are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

GARRICK.

The duchess of Kingston asked Garrick one day, why Love was represented as a child. He replied, "Because love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

A friend made Garrick a present of a case that contained a razor, a strap, and a shaving-box ; and telling him that he would find some other pretty little things in it, "I hope," said Garrick, "as I cannot shave myself, that one of them is a pretty little barber."

Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?"—"About ten yards," said Twiss. "This is, you'll observe gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

From the Plattsburg Republican of the 15th inst.

Another victim to SEDUCTION has fallen! After a long and painful illness, rendered doubly excruciating by the pangs of remorse, shame and despair, departed this life, on the 7th inst. Miss Sally Mills, in the 20th year of her age. Previous to her decease, and when it was supposed in a state of convalescence, with a consciousness of her deplorable situation, an outcast, and despised, deserted by her betrayer, and left in an unpitying world without one cheering beam of hope to light her in her darkening pilgrimage, she became partially deranged, exposed herself to cold—relapsed—and died! During her long residence in this village, she had conducted herself, in her humble station, so as to gain the respect and esteem of all who knew her. But the despoiler came, and by the most artful and insidious means, and (as she repeatedly asserted previous to her death) under the most solemn and unequivocal engagements, he triumphed over her virtue, and made her bosom, once the temple of virtue and chastity, the char-

nel-house of despair, without even affording her the timely consolation of pecuniary assistance. Her case excited great interest, and I was pleased to see the attention and commiseration of all classes of people in this village; and a numerous and highly respectable procession, which followed her remains to the place "appointed for all the living," showed, that although they detested the crime (if indeed it be a crime to repose in the honour of man) they pitied the criminal—Indeed her crime admitted of every charitable palliation—simple and unsuspecting, she yielded to the daily and unremitting solicitations of a wretch, who had not honour enough to defend, nor humanity enough to support her.

JUSTICE,

A SINGULAR MARRIAGE

Lately took place in England. The bridegroom, a shoemaker, was both deaf and dumb from his birth, as was also his brother and another man, who, with a large concourse of people, attended the couple to the church, and afterwards joyously spent the day with their numerous relations and acquaintances—the above marriage reminds us of a singular one that took place at Leicester, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded as follows :—"Thomas Tilsey, of Leicester, to Ursula Russet; the said Thomas, being deaf and dumb, for expressing of his mind, instead of words, of his own accord, used these signs; first he embraced her with his arms, took her by the hand, and put a ring on her finger, and laid his hand upon her heart, and held up his hands towards heaven; and to shew his continuance to dwell with her to his life's end he did it by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet; and pulling as though he rung a bell, and other signs that were approved."

HORRID.

A late Paris paper says:—The Criminal court of Istria has condemned to the penalty of death, the Curate of Ospo, Tomaz, and two of his accomplices, for having assassinated the widow Gilmia, aged 50, who had given up her property to the said Tomaz, on condition of his providing for her maintenance. It results from the details of this trial, that Tomaz had promised 300 florins to Zebro and Zuppino to murder this unhappy widow, and that while they, by a succession of blows, were consummating this horrible crime, the priest, dressed in his sacerdotal habits, with one hand gave the benediction to the victim, exhorting her to die well, and with the other excited the zeal of her murderers. He was hanged the third, after being deprived of his orders.

SUSPICION.

Suspicious amongst thoughts, are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight; they must be repressed; or, at least, well guarded. They cloud the mind, the lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly; they dispose husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy—they are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain.

From the Middlesex Gazette.

Mess Printers, I have ‘ Dreamed a DREAM,’ and if you please you may tell it to your readers.

TRIAL OF BACHELORS.

LAST night before going to bed, I amused myself with a book, as is my custom. I happened to open the good book, where a very interesting account is given of a certain rich man, how that he lived and died, how that after death

he lifted up his eyes in torment, as a just punishment for crimes committed here, and how that he desired a messenger to be sent to his brethren, that they might escape the evils that had befallen him.

The thought came into my mind, that he was an old bachelor, or else he would have wished the messenger to have been sent to his wife and children. Not to marry, thought I, is then a crime; and had a messenger been allowed to have visited his brethren, he would, with all the eloquence of an angel, have commanded them in the name of their departed brother, to MARRY.

Thoughts like these having occupied my mind, no doubt, produced the following dream; Methought I was conveyed to the court of Rhadamanthus; on his left, stood the keeper of Erebus, whose looks struck beholders with terror and dismay; and on his right stood the keeper of Elysium, who was all gentleness and complacency; before the bar stood a motley group of old bachelors, who had been set aside for re-examination, and as it appeared were ignorant of the reason of their second trial, for they were not a little surprised when the judge demanded, why they—had—not—taken—wives—upon which the Judge interrogated them separately. And you, sir, said he that have lived upon the earth three score and ten years, why have you not taken a wife? The toothless culprit answered, may it please you my Judge, I have wooed, and had I not been snatched off by an untimely death, I should ere ten years more had whitened my locks have led a blooming young widow to Hymen’s shrine. I pray you accept the will for the deed. The Judge beckoned to the keeper on his left to take him into custody.

{For the remainder, see page 144.]

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

A VISIT TO THE GARDEN OF FANCY.

REPOSING once beneath the welcome shade
Of a wide branching oak, the cooling breeze
With softest whisper murmur'd o'er my
head :

Bound in th' invigorating cords of sleep,
A transient freedom from tumultuous cares.
Methought this vision suddenly appear'd,
A maid, more lovely than the rosy morn,
And beckon'd me awav. Transported I
Soon quit the sylvan shade, and skim'd the
air,

On golden pinions borne, by her bestow'd
To aid my flight ; she led the way
Through yielding air, I near her side,
Inhaling odours wafted through the sky.
No word she spoke, no sound escap'd her
lips,

'Till we arrived at Fancy's Garden gate
Demanding entrance ; a fair nymph ap-
pear'd.

As our conductor—o'er the mossy path
She led us, when suddenly turning round,
Me, she address'd with words of heavenly
sound,

To this effect—" This spot is Fancy's Gar-
den—

" Enjoy its sweets—partake of its delights—
" Nought shall molest—but Fairies guard
your steps."

Thus saying melted both my guides in air.
Amazement for a while usurp'd the throne
Of reason, admiration soon o'ercome
Amazement—hope—joy and wonder fol-
low'd.

Then soon subsided to a calm serenity :
For thus is fancy e'er when undisturb'd.
Left to myself, my eager eyes survey'd
The distant scenes of this enchanting spot ;
I flew to visit them, to ramble through
The shady grove—unheard of scenes of
bliss !

Where fancy gambols with the human sense,
Deck'd in new garbs, each moment chang-
ing them
For others more becoming—more sublime,
They invite the wond'ring eye of Enquiry.

So did excursive Fancy guide my steps
Through every avenue of this retreat ;
From hill to dale, unconscious of the path,
For all alike had charms. Eglantine fring'd
The borders of each flowery avenue,
Teeming alike with magic efflorescence.
The feather'd songsters fluttering on the
spray

With their mellifluous notes proclaim their
bliss :
Collosean statues rear their lofty heads,
Half shaded, half conceal'd by branching
elms,

Stupendous workmanship of Fancy's hands !
A beauteous vista now attracts the eye
Which courses onward to the prospect's end
And rests at length upon the purlius
bound—

A parapet, form'd of hyacinthine stone,
Sparkling with jasper, glancing back the
rays

Of orient Sun and tinting all the scene.
Fauns, sylphs and fairies sport the merry
dance,

Then vanish 'mid th' umbrageous gloom of
shade,

Or disappearing far behind the trees,
Which form Arcadian bowers of brightest
green.

Again the open space reveals to view
Myriads of angels cloth'd in richest garbs :
Now o'er the ground they skim the verdant
bloom,

Like blazing meteors, swift as *Atlanta*
And numerous as the stars that fret the
heaven.

Enchanting music strikes upon the ear,
In notes angelic borne on zephyr's wing.
The sound advancing, now receding fast,
Now caught by *Echo* with her thousand
tongues

Symphonious to th' enchanted sense of
man.

Mellow'd by oft rebounding through the
grove,

In sweetest murmurs to my ear again
It rolls with soothing melody sublime,
And intermingles with the very soul !

'Tis Fancy comes with her attendant throng,
The lovely goddess of this Paradise.

A heavenly choir of sylvan deities
With sweetest instruments harmonious,
Join'd with their vocal notes, announce his
near.

Hail Fancy ! Hail ! Aerial heaven-born maid !
 Whose magic influence o'er the mind of
 man
 (But mine the most) commands my glow-
 ing love !
 Now do I feel a want of high-wrought phrase,
 And my own impotence, my feeble pen,
 Which has before with perfect ease describ'd
 The airy flight which led me to the spot,
 And each attendant circumstance 'till now
 When I the most desire thy kindest aid
 Refuses to impart its wonted power :
 The throng advanc'd and gath'ring round
 their queen
 Awaiting her commands—She I can see
 And easily distinguish from the rest ;
 Her beauteous self ! arrayed in robes of
 gold
 And sparkling gems, pellucid as the morn.
 She is the *Phosphor* of this Paradise,
 And they who round attend, but satellites.
 Onward she moves and enters her bright
 fane
 Of finish'd fancy's exquisite device,
 Partaking both of modern elegance
 And rural nature—simple and sublime.
 Anxious to pay my grateful thanks to her,
 To her who holds her court within the
 bo urne
 And precincts of the brain—thither I sped
 Swift as the eagle's course, regarding
 nought
 I pass'd, with such intent I gazed on it.
 Unhappy chance ! a briar caught my foot
 And plunged me from this *Epitome* of
 Heaven !

W. A. S.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE SHIPWRECK

OR

SELIM AND ELSIDOR.

AN EASTERN TALE.

The Sun, with golden beams, began
 To deck the mountain's side ;
 As Selim's warlike frigate weigh'd,
 And swept along the tide :
 And now had he for two long years,
 Renounc'd the Turkish shore ;

And left to Heaven's protecting care
 His lovely Elsidor.—
 And Elsidor with grief opprest
 Had climb'd the western steep
 To see again the ship that bore
 Her Selim oe'r the deep ;
 And as the ship before the gale
 Receded more and more
 She wrung her hands and wept the fate
 Of hapless Elsidor.—

" Ah me !" she cried " what perils wait,
 Terrific on the main,
 For those who sigh for glory's wreath
 Or seek for bootless gain :
 O why will man such terror's brave
 For love of wealth or power,
 And Selim, why for dang'rous fame
 Forsake thy Elsidor ?

Let those who have no wealth nor fame
 Go seek them on the deep :
 They will not leave, perchance, behind,
 An Elsidor to weep.
 But thou hast wealth and fame that spread ;
 These wide dominion's o'er :
 Then why so cruel thus to leave
 Thy constant Elsidor ?"—

But all her wailing was in vain,
 For Selim's far at sea :
 And Fate will weave, without control,
 The web of destiny.—
 Yet still she lov'd to mount the cliff
 And hear the billow's roar :
 To breath upon the passing gale
 The grief of Elsidor.—

At length a tedious year had roll'd
 Its far extended chain.
 She saw a Sailor blithe and gay
 Come tripping o'er the plain ;
 He had a girdle wrought with care
 And set with diamonds o'er,
 And said it came with Selim's love.
 To Selim's Elsidor.—

And then he told how Selim's bark
 Had plough'd the western wave,
 And prov'd the son of Alva still,
 The bravest of the brave ;
 And, that amid the battle's strife
 When all were bath'd in gore,
 Their watchword still was Selim bold
 And peerless Elsidor.—

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO JULIA—On her Birth-day.

WHEN such pure souls as thine are born on earth,
Seraphic spirits smile upon their birth,
And the recording angel opes the page
The first unsullied by thy tender age,
Succeeding leaves in purity are dress'd,
For sin dwells not within the infant breast.
Thy first step after entering reason's road
He nipp'd his pen—that action to record
With heavenly smile, eyes beaming clarity
He turn'd the page and wrote down—
“charity”

And every birth day from your tender age,
Plac'd “charity” the first word on the page.
Year after year like meteors pass away
Unfolding future to the blaze of day—
Crumbling to dust lies the stupendous frame

Of the past years and thou art still the same;
The same in goodness, gentleness and truth
Mingled with all the innocence of youth.—

W. A. S.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

“I COULD NOT IF I WOULD.”

(Concluded from our last)

“Thou shalt not sleep in thy cold watery grave unwept, unsung, without the tears of some true faithful friend.”

But cease fond Lyre! Enough to Friendship's paid,

Thy warbling ne'er could wake the sleeping dead,

Then cease to wail the loss of him who's laid

In Ocean's oozy, dark, and fearful bed.

“Well on his virtues and of what he was.

“Our loss in him is his eternal gain;”

Let that bright idea swell our souls, nor cause

One mournful sound in thee—in me one throb of pain,

But to the object of my cares on Earth,
Raise high the notes—still louder let them sound,

Strain every chord—wake every theme for mirth,
Let all thy wildest tones, be heard around.
For she whose smiles might win the angels down
From Spheres where in eternal day they roam,
Has yielded heart and hand with joy to crown
My last remaining Friend's DOMESTIC HOME.

MERCUTIO.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1816.

Intelligence.

On Monday night, a man was taken up and carried to the watch-house for one of his *honest* tricks, where he made an attempt upon the life of the captain of the watch with a shovel; and while putting him into the dungeon to be kept until morning, he drew his knife and stabbed James Baley, one of the watch, just above the groin. Mr. B's wound was immediately sewed up, but it is doubtful whether he will recover.—*Gaz.*

The increase of crimes of every description (says the Cooperstown *Federalist*) is truly alarming, and the propensity is not located or confined to narrow limits—it extends throughout our land. Almost every mail brings accounts of offences against the peace and well being of society, embracing common theft, forgery, rape murder, assassination, and the horrid work of incendiaries. That this increase of villainy is a consequence of the late war, we have not a shadow of doubt, and to no other can be traced, the cause of so rapid an advancement in wickedness.

THE SEASON.

A letter from Waterbury, (Vermont) says, that on the 6th June the snow fell

from 16 to 18 inches deep in these parts.

On Sunday the 23d, in this city, the heat set in violently, and on Monday the thermometer stood in the shade at 91—the next day it fell 30 degrees, followed by light rain and close weather.

The crops. The Trenton True American of Monday, says, "We are much gratified to see in some parts of this state, and to learn from others, that agricultural prospects are much brighter than they were a few weeks ago. Wheat and rye in particular, have improved astonishingly."

At Newtown (N. H.) Francis Chase, jun. aged 32, died of the hydrophobia; having, while administering medicine to a favourite heifer, received the saliva of the animal on a sore hand, which produced the disorder, and of which the yearling died. Before his death, Mr. C's howlings were alternately like those of a calf in distress, and the barking of the fox. It was supposed the heifer had been bitten by a mad-fox—Mr. C. was sensible of his situation, and cautioned his friends to guard against his rage. His last moments were terrific beyond description.

From the Columbian of last Wednesday.

To the editor of the Weekly Museum.

Mr. Law, the author of the "Emerald Isle" which was lately published in the Columbian, begs leave to correct an error which he supposes the editor of the Weekly Museum, has unintentionally and through inadvertence fallen into, by attributing his verses to Dr. Drennan, on copying them into his Miscellany. Mr. L. in his prefatory note to the stanzas alluded to, assigns the originality of the epithet "*Emerald Isle*" to Dr. Drennan; but as the doctor has shown his tenacity to the merit appertaining to the coinage of the expression in the Belfast Magazine; he (Mr. L.) also in justness of right lays claim to his own verses, for the very same reasons which actuated

his Belfast friend. The scrap in itself is not worth contending for; but as it is one of the poetic children of his fancy, he does not like to see his property conferred on another, however illustrious the character, or respectable his talents.

¶ The editor of the Museum readily acknowledges the mistake that happened in his paper last week, in the insertion of the piece above alluded to. It certainly occurred by a hasty perusal of the introduction which was considered too lengthy for our limits. The application of the shears extended only to the caption, to which was prefixed the name of Dr. Drennan. Our readers will therefore please to recollect that Mr. Law is the author of those elegant lines, which it appears Dr. Drennan entitled and published originally in the Belfast Magazine under the head of "EMERALD ISLE."

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John Wood, to Miss Eliza Miller, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Jones W. Richardson to Miss Caroline Ferris, daughter of Edward Ferris esq. all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Schaeffer, Mr. Nathaniel Cahill, Printer, to Miss Louisa Marshall, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. McClellan, Mr. John Fisher, of Whiteplains, to Miss Gertrude Rockwell of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Joseph Dodge, to Miss Catharine Cheesman, daughter of Richard Cheesman, of North-Hempstead. (L. 1.)

At Newtown (L. 1.) Mr. James Strong, merchant, of this city, to Miss Alletta Remsen, of the former place.

OBITUARY.

The city Inspector reports the death of 35 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 22d inst.

DIED.

Mr. James C. Townsend aged 29.

Mrs. Nancy Sargeant, widow of the late Ezra Sargeant, bookseller, in this city.

Mr. John Degroot, aged 32.

Mr. William B. Norris, aged 29.

After a short illness, Mr. Edward P. Lawrence, aged 24.

(Concluded from page 139)

And you, said Rhadamanthus, that look with such an air of self-complacency, why have you not married? Sir, said the arraigned, I always hated matrimony. I have been a man of pleasure; and it hath been more pleasant to me that I have paraded the streets in style, worn a cane, drank brandy, and smoked segars, than to have been the *lawful* husband of the finest woman that ever smiled; and besides—but the Judge, without hearing him farther, told him to file off to the left. The next that appeared at the bar, was a younger criminal, of a modest but dejected mein;—well said Rhadamanthus, you have heard the question, and what have you to offer in extenuation of your fault? He answered, may it please your majesty, it hath been the wish nearest, dearest to my heart, ever since I came to years of manhood, to know by fruition, the honeyed sweets of matrimony. I have often fallen in love; often have I tendered my heart and hand which have as often been refused. My person, my fortune, my connexions have beggared all my tender sensibilities. I have wished myself a glove, a vandyke, nay, even a night-cap, could I have been worn by the virtuous few. But so it has happened, that with all my *soft feelings* and *tender sympathies*, I have sighed—and lived—and died—single. True I could have married, but I would not, for I thought a poor wife the poorest of all poor things. The judge smiled at his honest simplicity, and motioned to the keeper of the Elysium to take him into his custody. The next that appeared at the bar, was a man turned of sixty; and upon being asked how he had been upon the earth so long, answered, that he had been a vastly happy man: though the world through envy, had called him an old hunk, an old miser, and an old bachelor, but names with me are very harmless things, & to be sure I have been wonderfully rich; and as to wives, I confess, I have no desire to have my silver and gold corroded, my abundance corrupted, my pleasure imbibited by the officious smiles, and peevish whims of a wife, who would have been continually teasing me for

money, vexing me with her tea-parties which I loved, as my eyes loved smoke; indeed, had I followed the thoughtless multitude, and taken a wife, my bags of money would have taken wings, and I, instead of dying a prodigious rich man should have been as poor as Job's cat—enough, said Rhadamanthus, face to the left. I hear no more causes now; and turning to his keeper on his left, said, these men in your care, have sinned wilfully against benevolent institutions on which rest individual happiness, social order, and public welfare—conduct them, therefore, to the abodes of Erebus, Cupid will attend you: command him to take his sharpest, hottest arrows, and to pierce their hearts, till they smoke with loving sighs, till love itself burn their hearts to a crisp—they disappeared; the judge then addressing the keeper on his right, told him to take the unfortunate man to the happy plains of Elysium, where he should forget all his griefs in unalloyed bliss, and let him but now my attention was arrested by the reiterated sighs and groans, which echo, with his airy tongue, repeated so loud, that it awoke me; and I frankly confess that I quaked with fear on realizing, that I myself pressed the pillow **ALONE**.

'The world in purchase for a friend is gain
hath sung the poet and so say I.'

CELEBS.

BOOK BINDING.

Carried on by CHRISTIAN BROWN,
No. 66 Nassau-Street.

To preserve the MUSEUM for binding, great care should be taken that the sheets should be evenly folded, before the leaves are cut open.

The idea of some, that they can be supplied *gratis* for numbers that are frequently lost by lending, or torn by children, must be erroneous. We are ready and willing to make up *omissions* if called for within a week or two.

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